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Kitchen-Klatter

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

MAGAZINE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA
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H. Armstrong Roberts



LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN - KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Dear Friends:

When we turn the calender leaves to August we feel that summer is almost gone. And we don't need the calender to tell us this for on every hand there are the unmistakable signs that we are drawing close to autumn. Soon the children will be back in school and all of that summer canning will be put away on the cellar shelves. Wasn't it grand to make preserves again and bring out all of those delicious sweet pickle recipes that called for so much sugar? After years of foregoing those things I don't believe that we housewives will take sugar for granted for a long time to come.

We had our share of rain in Shenandoah this summer too, but the water from our nearest river, the Nishnabotna, only came to the north edge of town. When we think of the countless towns that were inundated we surely feel very fortunate here. And as individuals we were surely rarely fortunate because the cellar of our house did not even get damp, and since our farm is slightly hill land and has been terraced, the heavy rains did not wash it badly. One of our contributors, Mabel Nair Brown, wrote that one day they had three inches of rain in forty-five minutes and with it a hail storm that wrote off their soy beans and oats as an almost 100% loss, but the next day they had seven and one-half inches of rain in four hours! I'm afraid that her story can be duplicated many times over.

Frank and Dorothy watched high water cover their farm four different times. They still have hopes of raising some corn with the idea that it will at least make fodder for their stock.

When Don came home from Ames he planned to get a job immediately, but we've kept him so busy right in the family that he hasn't had time for anything else. Our yard needed a great deal of work done in it, the basement needed overhauling, and all kinds of odd jobs had stacked up here at home. Then Wayne and Abigail needed help at their house too, and it's so hard to get anything done these days that he agreed to help them.

As I told you last month or the month before, Wayne and Abigail bought an old house not far from us, and although it needed extensive work done on it, at least it had the virtue

of being well enough built to justify the work. They have been removing all the old layers of paint from the woodwork, and I think they said that there were at least six coats of paint, all of it a different color. Getting this off has taken hours and hours of work, and then all of the many coats of wallpaper must be steamed off too. It will be quite some time yet before all of this is done and the walls are freshly painted, so you can see why Don will not have to go outside the family circle to find a job.

Wayne and Abigail are looking everywhere for an old ornamental iron fence to use in their yard. Their house is of the old-fashioned type that needs such a fence and at one time many years ago, it had one; but like many other fences it has long since disappeared. There used to be many of these fences in this part of the country, yet today they haven't been able to locate one even though they have driven many miles with their eyes peeled in every direction. Perhaps one of you friends know where there is such a fence that could be purchased. It doesn't matter if it is rusty, for they can clean it up.

We were so sorry that we had to give up our trip to Spirit Lake in June, but the damp weather doesn't agree with Mart's asthma and too, there was so much high water and so many bad storms that we thought it would be a good idea to stay at home. I tried to let everyone know that the picnic was cancelled through my broadcasts and hope that no one was disappointed. We will hope for much better luck next year.

Now that Lucile can broadcast the Kitchen-Klatter radio program while I am gone, we hope to take a vacation early in the fall, perhaps to visit our son Frederick and his family on the east coast if they are still there when we get ready to start. I have never been as far east as Chicago so I am really anticipating this trip. Mart is familiar with that section of the country and says that you'd have to go far to find anything more beautiful than the New England states in October. If we do get to make this trip it will be our first extensive traveling since we started on our ill-fated trip back in 1930.

Speaking of Frederick reminds me to tell you that beginning next month we hope to have another series of

contributions from him for our magazine. So many of you have mentioned enjoying what he writes that we've tried to reassure him that you'd still like to hear from him even though he isn't writing from Egypt or Bermuda.

I wish this letter did not have to be sent to the printers quite so soon for I would like to be able to tell you about the two new grandchildren we are praying will arrive safely. I'll leave room for a last P. S. at the end of this letter, but if you don't find the announcement you can depend upon seeing it right at the top of the page in my next letter. Those of you who hear our radio broadcast may possibly get the news before you read this—nothing can be positively guaranteed where new babies are concerned! To raise a big family calls for lots of hard work and responsibility, but my! what a variety of thrills they afford you all along the line. I believe that the greatest happiness they bring to you is the grandchildren, and from your letters I know that I have much company in thinking this.

Thank you for the many, many good letters you have written to Lucile and me this summer. I know it is a real effort to write letters in hot weather, and we appreciate the fact that you made this effort. You can be sure that we enjoyed them all even though we couldn't stretch our days long enough to send back the reply that they deserved. Whenever I read articles complaining that people no longer write letters but depend upon the telephone or telegram service I always think that I'd like to get ahold of that author and show him that he didn't take our friends into account when he wrote his piece.

Sincerely yours,
Leanna.

P. S. Word has just reached us that Frederick will report for duty at the Punahou School, Honolulu, Hawaii on September 7th. This is a large school with a remarkably beautiful campus, and he will serve as chaplain to the students. He will visit us on his way to San Francisco to catch a plane, and at that time we will have all seven of our children together for the first time in many years. There will be a wonderfully happy reunion at our house, and next month we will try and give you more details.

P.P.S. At the very last second word comes that Margery and her husband are the parents of Martin Erik, who was born on July 8th, 1947, and weighed in at 6 lbs., 10 ozs. He arrived on the birthday of my father, S. E. Field.

SUMMER COMPLAINT

At summer's end I am a wreck
From canning foodstuffs by the peck,
But I stagger back with sticky pride
And bless the bottles, side by side,
Of apples, plums and succotash
And beans and peas, as good as cash.
Now all I need is a recipe
For canning and preserving me!

—Betty Isler

Come into the Garden

GARDEN FLOWERS FOR BOUQUETS

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

(Part II)

Containers—Holders—Flower

Material Conditioning

We find it easier and much more satisfactory to have a number of vases to use for the flowers we bring into the house. It is true that the flowers and foliage are the important parts in the bouquet or arrangement, but the entire effect may be spoiled if they are thrust into the first container at hand that will hold water.

Not many of us can start with a complete line of appropriate containers but we can plan to obtain only good, usable ones each time we add another to our supply. We will wish to have dainty vases for rare and delicate blossoms and strong sturdy ones for good substantial flowers—just as wide a variety of sizes, forms, colors and styles as possible. It is well to avoid those decorated with gaudy patterns for they are more difficult to use than the unadorned vases. Metal and glass containers should be included.

Holders are necessary to keep the flower stems in position. Various kinds are obtainable, and assorted sizes of needle and hairpin holders are real treasures. Some like the glass "frogs". In an emergency one can make satisfactory holders. Chicken wire crumpled up to fit the vase works very well, and clippings of cedar or shrubs may be packed in the vase to hold the flower stems. Melted paraffin can be molded into the desired shape, making holes for flower stems with a pencil or small smooth stick. An ingenious person will think of other devices.

Florist clay fastens the metal securely to the bottom of the containers. The holder must be placed in the vase before water is poured in for the clay will not stick to a wet vase. If it refuses to hold, it helps to heat the vase a bit—this dries it thoroughly and the heat softens the clay just enough to make it adhere tightly.

It is very discouraging to complete a beautiful bouquet or arrangement and find the blossoms and foliage or even a part of it wilted after a few hours. Much of this can be avoided if one conditions the flower material before it is used. This is especially necessary if the flowers are to be used for some special occasion in which a wilted bouquet will be a near-tragedy. If at all possible, gather the flowers in the morning. Cut the stems under water and place them in water for a period of 6 to 12 hours. Some flowers need special treatment to make them "stand up." This includes Dahlias, Penstemons, Platycodons, Peach-leaf Campanula and others. Those with "milky juice" are almost sure to need this extra attention. The lower one to two inches of stem should be charred in a flame or immersed in hot



A small bouquet of pale pink hyacinths and sedum foliage.

water for a few moments, and then plunged into cold water. Sometimes the treatment has to be repeated.

Store the flowers in as cool a place as possible until you are ready to arrange them. Sprinkle the foliage with water frequently and if possible the surface on which they are standing. Newspapers can be placed under them to avoid damage to floor or furniture.

AUGUST IN THE GARDEN

By Mary Duncomb

Let us take off a little time in August to relax and enjoy our gardens. They usually are beautiful at this time of the year with a beauty that is mature and as different from the loveliness of Spring as youth is different from middle age. The garden seems to have gained in wisdom what it has lost to the zestfulness of Spring. When it is too warm for outdoor work we should find many pleasant moments simply by spending some time under the shade tree on the lawn and soaking in all the beauty which surrounds us. This is the midway lull for active gardeners with everything that has been done in the garden on one side, and our plans for next year on the other side.

There are many things every gardener longs to have some future day, so why not make some of these plans come true instead of waiting from year to year? One of these things is a permanent cold-frame, large enough to do some actual good and in a place where it will be out of the way. Here may be sown the seed of our choicest perennials, as well as pansies and forget-me-nots. A portion of the frame may be set aside as a place to set out a few plants temporarily at transplanting time.

In such a frame as this I like to start Sweet Williams, Pinks, Columbines and Delphiniums as well as Pansies and Violas. Late August is a good time to do this. If sown thinly enough no great hurry need be made

in the Spring with the exception of the latter two mentioned. A conveniently cool damp day will eventually come as late as June, and when this day comes they may be moved to other quarters. In this way plants may be held back until some of the earlier rows in the garden that contain lettuce and radishes are empty.

The Hem season continues on, and fortunate is the person who has chosen wisely in order that the various varieties may spread their bloom from Spring to Fall. These great stars in many shades of orange and yellow seem to suggest coolness rather than heat during the sultry days of mid-summer. The evening bloomers also bring bright spots in the garden.

Under the August sun let some of the cucumbers grow large and make ripe cucumber pickles. Now that we have sugar again we can make the good old-fashioned kind fairly oozing with sweetness and amber colored as only brown sugar can make them. This is the month to dry corn, apples and herbs. Sage is a universal favorite. Fresh mint adds its fragrance to cold beverages as does Borage, whose blue blossoms add refreshing bits of color to salads. Burnet leaves have a cucumber flavor.

One garden task in August which requires some spade work is the digging and dividing of Oriental poppies for this is their dormant period. They may be planted near blue Platycodon and while they may not bloom together, one will serve as a reminder of the other next spring. Out of sight is often out of mind in the garden.

In our garden last year the Marigold, May Ling (named in honor of the leading lady of China) brought forth a great deal of well-earned admiration. The foliage is odorless, and the ruffled, carnation-like blooms are fragrant. Its fringed petals are incurved their entire length, and this gives the marigold an unusual, fluffy appearance. It is a golden primrose in color and is a repeat for us this year.

FRIENDSHIP BY CORRESPONDENCE

Although you are a friend of mine
And letters we exchange;
I would not know you on the street,
And doesn't that seem strange?

You hold a place within my life
Unusual and unique,
We share ideals and special dreams
And still we do not speak.

I picture what I think you are—
Perhaps you picture me;
Intriguing games for both of us
For some one we can't see.

So for this friendship we possess
We owe the mail a debt;
Perhaps the charm lies in the fact
That we have never met.

ROLL Film developed and printed, 30¢ per roll, postpaid.

VERNESS STUDIO
SHENANDOAH, IOWA

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER FORTY-NINE

Last month I told you about picking up the August, 1931 issue of Scribner's Magazine and reading an extremely interesting and provocative essay titled "Corn Village" by Meridel LeSueur. This essay won the second prize in Scribner's "Life In the United States" contest, and it struck me as being a most extraordinary piece of writing. I thought about it and thought about it, and turned it over and over in my mind, and finally, one day several months later I did something that I've done only two or three times in my life—I sat down and wrote a letter to this unknown author and told her what I thought of "Corn Village." I didn't know where she lived, of course, so I simply sent the letter to Scribner's and asked that it be forwarded.

Although I didn't know Miss LeSueur I assumed that she was a very busy woman, so I specifically stated that no reply to my letter was necessary. However, about two weeks later I received a wonderfully warm and friendly letter from her, and thus began a correspondence that led to—well, it led to more things than you can shake a stick at, to use a homely old phrase. Sometimes it frightens me when I think how slight a thing as a letter can determine the course of one's entire life. If there can be such a thing as a fated letter in this world, then that letter of mine was fated!

During my year in Maryville we wrote to each other constantly, and then when the college had closed its spring term and I was back in Shenandoah once again, Meridel wrote and asked me if I would like to live with her in Minneapolis. She taught some highly successful classes in short story writing, and if I wanted to write, why not move to Minneapolis, live with her and attend these classes? In exchange for her assistance with my writing I could help her look after Rachel and Deborah, her two little daughters aged four and five.

To say that I accepted this offer with alacrity is to indulge in understatement. It wasn't until only a few days before my departure that I really began to take what Dad would call the "conservative viewpoint", but once I took it I became so alarmed at my temerity that I almost backed out. What if I couldn't get along with the children? Why did I think I could write if I had some instruction? How would I manage to live happily with someone whom I'd never set eyes on in my life? Oh my, there were a great many things to turn over in the quiet of the night.

Bearing all of this in mind, you can get some idea of my sensations when I stepped off of the train in Minneapolis at eight o'clock on a hot morning in early September. Yet two minutes later I was wondering why in the world I had tormented myself with such doubts, for Meridel was exactly what I had expected in my most halcyon daydreaming, and Rachel and



Dorothy enjoyed baking cakes after she was able to be out in the kitchen again following her long siege in bed.

Deborah were wonderfully delightful children. They were both remarkably beautiful with dark hair, dark eyes and rosy cheeks, and they had an astounding command of the English language. The first thing Deborah ever said to me was this, "We are eager to have you see our dog. His name is Jo-Jo, but we call him Mr. Dark because his tail is like a black plume." She was four years old, a loving and gentle little four-year old. Both little girls came to seem almost my own, and we lived together happily for almost three years.

At the time I arrived in Minneapolis, Meridel was living in a cabin out on the St. Croix river, so we went directly there and for the first time I encountered a vicious tempered, old-fashioned cook stove. Those of you who have read "The Egg and I" will remember, of course, the writer's experiences with Stove. Well, I had my Stove too, and it had some tricks up its sleeve that put to shame the Stove of the famous Egg book. Stove was the only thing I didn't like about our time on the St. Croix, and because of it I've never been able to take a gas stove for granted. I realize that many of you cook on ranges and prefer them to anything else, so I must hasten to add that our St. Croix stove was at least sixty years old and kept standing only by the grace of baling wire; in fact, it was so beat-up and senile that it stood only because it lacked the spirit to fall.

In late October we moved back into the city, and there I found myself plunged into a whirlwind of activity. Most of the writers, artists and musicians of Minneapolis and St. Paul were guests in the LeSueur home, and in a short time I had made friends who are still dear to me after fifteen years. Both Rachel and Deborah were in a nursery school during the winter months so this gave me a great deal of freedom and an opportunity to go to the Art Institute, libraries, concerts,

etc. I attended a good many classes in writing also, although I didn't really attempt to do any work of my own until the following summer.

Now it is certainly time to get back to the rest of the family for their activities didn't come to a standstill merely because I happened to move to Minneapolis. I've discovered in writing this story that as long as we children were all at home it was comparatively simple to follow the thread of events since practically everything that happened to us was a mutual experience, but as time passed and we grew up it meant that seven different stories developed. I am just now getting to the first of these different stories, so henceforth there will have to be some sidetracking to explain why so-and-so did such-and-such a thing.

By the autumn of 1933 Dorothy was completely recovered and was working as a society reporter for one of our local newspapers. She enjoyed this work very much indeed, and she learned early in the game that there were big advantages in belonging to a large family where everyone got about in one way or another and kept a sharp eye open for what was called "Dorothy's news". At one time she wrote a column called "Seen About Town" that proved to be very popular, and the tidbits for this came from every imaginable source.

The autumn of 1933 was also the time when Howard began running a flour mill that Dad had purchased, and Mother's kitchen became a testing laboratory for the various runs of flour. Mother had always baked a great deal, but during those years she baked practically every morning with a batch of flour that Howard had brought home the night before. Mother used to say that if you could please Howard with bread and rolls you could stack your product against all of the state fair blue winners, for the first thing he did every night when he came home was to go straight to the kitchen and pick up some rolls or a loaf of bread and scrutinize them from every possible angle. Baker's bread was almost unheard of at our house during that time, and it took a pound of butter every day to keep up with mother's homemade bread.

I think it was about this time, although it may have been a little earlier, that Frederick had a rather unusual experience on a scout picnic. The boys had gone to Manti, a heavily timbered tract about three miles southwest of town, where Uncle Henry Field once had a summer camp for his family, and during the afternoon they decided to play Cops and Robbers. This was an old game in which the robbers never turned up with anything more precious than an old tire or tin can, but Frederick found a real treasure when he was serving as Cop. Somehow or other he was poking around some weeds at the bottom of a deep ditch when he came across a large black case, and when the case was opened he found what was obviously a very expensive saxophone. I'll never forget how excited he was when he turned up at the house with it (this was just before I went away)

(Con't. on Page 5. Col. 3)

YOU AND YOUR CAMERA

By Russell Verness

This is the time of year when most people take their vacation if they're fortunate enough to have one, and along with the suitcases and fishing rods go cameras. Pictures are an essential part of every vacation, and people who leave their cameras almost untouched the rest of the year always get them out in preparation for the trip. It's a satisfying thing to snap pictures of interesting places, of old relatives and friends, of a big day's catch, of the children playing around with their water-wings, and all of the countless other subjects that are constantly cropping up on vacations, and if these pictures turn out successfully we have a wonderful record of the trip. But if something has gone wrong . . . well, that's a sad, sad story.

You'll run much less chance of bitter disappointment if you have your camera thoroughly checked before you put it in the car. If possible take it to a camera dealer for inspection; this is simple to do in a city where there are a number of stores that sell photographic supplies. However, if you cannot get to dependable advice before you start your trip, by all means do the following things.

If your camera is the bellows type, remove the back as though you were loading film and step into a closet where a small light can be turned on; if you lack electricity a flashlight can be used. Hold the camera against the light and inspect it carefully for any leaks. If there are leaks you will see them under these conditions. And I might add that you cannot take the camera unless the bellows are repaired.

In the same conditions click the shutter and see if a quick flash of light shows. If you don't see the flash of light you can assume that your shutter is defective. These same rules apply to a box camera.

It takes only a few minutes to determine if your camera is in good working condition, and those are minutes that you cannot afford to miss. They will make the difference between good results and bitter disappointments when the vacation is over and the films are returned to you by the photo-finisher.

There are a number of habits to form in conjunction with taking pictures that will make all the difference in the world when you look at your finished prints.

If you haven't done so, make it a rule never again to handle your camera without turning the film either immediately before or after snapping a picture. It doesn't matter when you do this, but make it an iron-clad rule to be consistent. This will save endless time while you stand and wonder: now did I turn that or didn't I? The tremendous number of double-exposures that all photo-finishers encounter is proof of the fact that people are not consistent. One time they turn the film before snapping the picture and the next time after snapping it. If you will form this habit of consistency once and for all you will save

much film and avoid ruined negatives.

When loading and unloading your camera be sure that you step out of dazzling sunlight and into as much shadow as possible. It's courting disaster to handle any film in bright light. Be sure that you roll the film tightly and seal it without a moment's delay. Then place the roll back in the tinfoil and put it in a box. This will eliminate the danger of light leakage when it is enroute to the photo-finisher, and although I'm sure you know it I will mention again that any film into which light has penetrated is ruined for all time.

Even though you know your camera well it pays to check and be sure that it is set for time exposure if you are taking that type of shot, or for instantaneous exposure. Rolls that come back to you a dense black are the result of having a time exposure set when instantaneous exposure should have been set.

Form the habit of holding the camera very firmly. Support it against your body and if possible hold your breath while you're clicking the shutter. If the camera is joggled even the fraction of a second it will produce a blurred picture.

Our present day film is wonderfully fast, but don't expect too great miracles from it. Avoid heavy shadows and deep shade. Moderate sunlight produces the best results every time.

These reminders may sound very simple to you, but more film is ruined by not following these tried and true rules than by any other stumbling blocks. Good luck to you with your vacation pictures. I hope that you return with a fine collection of perfect shots.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Helpful Hint: All our happy tomorrows are the result of the good deeds we do today. Here are some deeds that need doing.

Mrs. Stella Mae Hunter of Reserve, Montana suffers much from arthritis. She is soon to be taken to a doctor in Seattle for treatment. In order that she can make the trip they put her, bed and all, into a trailer. How would you like that? She can do some crocheting, though her hands are badly drawn, and she wants directions for making chair sets. If you have some that you have finished with, would you send them to her?

Mrs. Louise Davis, 3216 Milton St., Shreveport 51, La., is down in bed again. Do send her a card. She will not be able to answer.

Miss Joyce Shields, 1703 California St., Seattle 6, Wash., will have a birthday, July 31. She has been in a wheel chair for twelve years. Her body is badly drawn and she suffers a lot but she loves to get mail and can use her hands to answer.

Recently one of you Kitchen-Klatter Neighbors said you thought it would be nice to get glasses for some needy person. At that time there was no request for glasses and now that there is, I cannot find the name of

the person who was interested. Guess I filed it away too well! You may remember Nellie Eppes, the girl in the wheel chair that you helped to get, who cares for her blind and invalid aged mother. Nellie tells me she is having terrific headaches caused by eye strain and she needs new lenses for her glasses. Do you want to help get them? I expect they will cost around \$25. Yoh can write me at 685 Thayer Ave., Los Angeles 24, Calif. I hope we may be able to get them for her.

Little Barbara Fraizer has her radio, and is very happy about it. I want to thank you all again for helping to get it. She is only seven, and her doctor says she will have to be in bed for several years as a result of heart trouble following rheumatic fever.

Another call for help has come from Miss Cyrilla Foltz, 813 N 27 Ave., Omaha, Nebr. She has arthritis and needs some treatments that her County aid will not cover. It would be nice if some of you Omaha people would go to see her and perhaps among you you could help her. I would appreciate it if you would do this and then report to me.

Clothing is needed by Mrs. Rosa Ralston, 1439 W Jackson St., Chillicothe, Mo., for herself (size 42), her son age 16, and daughters 14, 12 and 10, also a baby. She will make up quilt pieces on shares.

Mrs. A. V. Broberg, 1719 Humboldt St., Manhattan, Kansas, fell in January, and broke her hip. She is in a wheel chair now but says it takes so long to get well and wonders if being 80 years old has anything to do with that! I know she would like letters, though she probably could not answer.

A new Good Neighbor Guide will be ready soon. A copy is yours if you want it—just write me and ask for it. My address is 685 Thayer Avenue, Los Angeles 24, Calif.

(Con't. from Page 4, Col. 3)

and told us the story of how he had happened to find it. A news item about it appeared in the paper the next day, and then the saxophone was claimed by the rightful owner, who had had it stolen from his car three months earlier. Fortunately it was still in excellent condition, so everyone was happy.

Frederick, Wayne, Margery and Donald were all in public schools here in Shenandoah during those years, and Mother and Dad still laugh about the trips that their furniture made to the high school for class plays year after year. We live only a short half-block from the high school, and of course it was the easiest thing in the world to run up to Driftmiers for a lamp, chair, or anything else that was needed for props. More than once the curtain went up for the first act of a play and revealed a stage that looked suspiciously like the Driftmier living room since everything from a davenport to a bookcase had been borrowed.

(To be Continued)

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

This is the day that we had planned to spend in Lucas with Dorothy, Frank and Kristin. Last night we had Dad's car serviced for the trip. I baked a nice big chocolate cake, Mother sent down a box of things she had been fixing for Kristin, and then after all of this was done we turned into bed good and early so we'd be able to leap out of bed and be on the road by six o'clock. Well, we leaped out of bed bright and early all right, but a rainy day greeted our eyes and a telephone call to Frank's mother brought the news that Dorothy's road was muddy, with prospects of more rain to come. We felt so disgruntled by this news that we went right back to bed, something unheard of in this house for once up we're up, and we stayed right there until nine o'clock. Then we arose once again and picked up the thread of our usual Sunday just as though we'd never heard of Lucas, dirt roads and rain. Now it's five o'clock, and while the pot roast finishes simmering I'll write this letter to you.

Who wants to hear about the weather? Surely very few people in the middlewest ever wish to hear the word again, so I'll say just one thing on the subject and then consider it closed. Every time I've read the papers this past unhappy month I've thought of you friends who have suffered such severe losses and I've wished repeatedly that I could tell you how much you've been on my mind. Sympathy doesn't go very far when it comes to taking bucket after bucket of muck out of what was once a nice house, when livestock and crop losses are toted up and the appalling figures faced—but at any rate I want you to know that I'm acutely aware of what it has meant to you.

Eighteen months ago Russell and I were sweating out the arrival of our household goods from San Francisco, and these days Margery is sweating out the arrival of her baby clothes from Los Angeles. They were all packed and shipped by freight weeks ago, but with train service so badly disrupted they may be sitting anywhere on a siding. Margery has just one goal in mind—to get those clothes in her own hands before the acute need for them arises. In case this goal isn't attained I can just see us scurrying around to collect the essentials.

Yesterday when Margery dropped in to have a cup of coffee I reminded her that both Dorothy and I had cooperated fully with the printers and that we expected no less from her in this matter of announcing a boy or a girl just under the deadline of going to press. Probably at the time we didn't mention it, but I want you to know that Juliana and Kristin both arrived at that one last crucial moment when the presses were all but ready to start grinding—another twelve hours and it would have been too late! This is a record that we would like to maintain, but the last thing in is Mother's letter and if you



Russell snapped this of me in our living room on a summer evening when I was doing some mending. The drapes are eggplant and gold, and there is a third adjoining window that isn't shown here.

don't find the news on her page you'll know that the record is smashed beyond repair.

These days Juliana is eagerly anticipating a three weeks' visit with her friend, Kathy Powell. It will be the first time we've had another child in our house for more than just one overnight stay, and I think it will be a wonderful experience for her to have a member of the family, you might say, to share with all the way through. Kathy's mother and father are going to the west coast on a vacation, and I'm very grateful to them for leaving their seven-year old with us. When you have an only child it isn't enough simply to have other children in to play for several hours at a stretch. It seems to me that they have to live with other children all the way through to get an idea of what it means to share attention and possessions. In another year Dorothy and I hope to have Kristin here or Juliana there for a week at a time, and this should help considerably in ironing out some of the difficulties that come with an only child.

This past month has certainly been chocolate cake month here at our house. Those of you who listen to our afternoon visit know that we were on the trail of good chocolate cake recipes, recipes as near fool proof as they could be. In my own file of recipes I didn't have a single one for chocolate cake that I could turn to again and again with complete confidence, and I was very eager to acquire some so that I might be able to say, "Yes, I'll bring a cake—do you want it to be a white one or a chocolate one?"

Thanks to you friends I am now able to say exactly that, for never in your life can you imagine how many recipes there could be for chocolate cake. If we had tried them all we would have had a string of cakes reaching from here to Des Moines and back, so I sorted them into three basic categories and then baked a

number of each kind to arrive at the final choice. When you look at the recipes you will find them, and I hope that if you too were formerly the victim of shifting fortunes with chocolate cake, your difficulties are now permanently over.

As far as I can see we are going to have to wait for the summer of 1948 to go on the picnics that we'd hoped to have this summer. The other night when Russell and I were working in the yard we laughed and said that we had surely miscalculated all the way around on the picnic proposition. Last summer was just one dreary round of illness, hospitals, and woes of that kind—obviously there was no question of thinking about picnics. But we told ourselves with the end of summer that we'd make up for it this year. And what happened this year? Well, perhaps we're just peculiar but we don't relish the idea of sitting in water to eat potato salad and baked beans. It may be simply that we're getting conservative with the passing years, for the other night when a friend from Chicago was visiting with us he reminded me of the time we started on a picnic when the thermometer registered 117!

Somehow too this calls to memory a perfect piece of slapstick comedy that occurred about a dozen years ago. For some undecipherable reason we went through a spell of getting up at 4:30 on summer mornings and driving to a little mudhole about five miles from town where we cooked breakfast and held fishlines for non-existent fish. On this particular morning some of my friends, plus Dorothy and Frederick and Aunt Sue Conrad, made the trip and for sort of a special menu we made banana fritters and served them with maple syrup. We had just loaded up Aunt Sue's plate with the fritters, poured syrup lavishly over them and placed the works directly in front of her when a stiff breeze sprang up without warning. A moment later we heard a muffled scream and looked up to see Aunt Sue's face covered with the plate—syrup was streaming down in every direction. It was like nothing so much as an old custard pie comedy and we laughed until we were actually sick and weak. I've never been able to make banana fritters since that morning without thinking of Aunt Sue and the plate blown smack against her face.

These days Juliana is growing so fast that Russell and I look at her in amazement. I can't let down hems fast enough to keep up with her and from all indications there will have to be new dresses by autumn. We've been skidding along on size two things for a long, long time, but this period is rapidly drawing to a close. In case any of you think that I must have a case of arrested physical development on my hands I should hasten to add that all of Juliana's clothes are made at home, and as all mothers know who sew for little girls, size two is very, very large. With a good hem allowance you can get by for a long time, but now we've reached the limit of the allowance and before much more time has passed my sew-

ing machine will have to start humming again. The truth of the matter is that this prospect pleases me very much for there is nothing I enjoy more than sewing for Juliana, and surely it's a pleasure that will endure.

When you read the Story Of An American Family this month you will find the account of my first meeting with Meridel LeSueur, so now I must tell you that two weeks ago Meridel made her first trip to Shenandoah. All of these years I have wanted very much to have her see the town that I left to go and live with her, but she is a busy, busy writer and the trip could never be sandwiched in. About twelve years ago I had Rachel and Deborah here with me for three weeks and that is as close as I ever got to having Meridel. Those of you who want to find an unusual and beautiful book for your children should try to find a copy of Meridel's latest book, "Little Brother of the Wilderness." Juliana loves it and I've read it over and over again. She can't hear enough about Johnny Applesseed, the man who walked through Indian country without carrying a gun.

From the smells wafting out from my kitchen I suspect that the pot roast has finally taken unto itself the rich, brown surface that all good pot roasts should acquire. The potatoes are peeled, the carrots are in with the roast, a tomato aspic salad is in the refrigerator and a blueberry pie is cooling on the back porch, so you can see what our Sunday dinner will be today.

Until next month then . . .

—Lucile.

TRAINING THE OTHER WOMAN'S CHILD

They all sat around in friendly chat,
Discussing mostly this and that—

And a hat—

Until a neighbor's wayward lad
Was seen to act in ways quite bad.

Oh, 'twas sad!

One thought she knew what should
be done

With every child beneath the sun—
She had none.

And ere her yarn had quite been spun
Another's theories had begun—

She had one.

The third was not so sure she knew,
But thus and so she thought she'd
do—

She had two.

The next one added, "Let me see,
These things work out so differently."

She had three.

The fifth drew on her wisdom's store;
She said, "I'd like to think it o'er"—

She had four.

And then one sighed, "I don't con-
trive

Fixed rules for boys; they're so alive."
She had five.

"I know it leaves one in a fix,
This straightening out of crooked
sticks."

—She had six.

And one declared, "There's no rule
given,

But do your best and trust in heaven!"

She had seven.

—Gem Priscilla Club, Idaho.

FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

QUES: "My husband and I are planning a month's trip to Oregon this summer and are undecided as to whether or not to take our two children, a boy of eleven and a girl of nine. Relatives have offered to keep them and they wouldn't be unhappy, but I rather feel that they would get a great deal out of such a trip and should go with us. I'd like to know what you think."—Ja.

ANS: I think very definitely that they should go with you. There is an increasing tendency on the part of parents to leave the children at home when trips are planned, and I feel that this is a mistake. Small children are a different matter, but children the age of yours are old enough to travel well and to absorb a great deal that will make a big difference to them in years to come.

QUES: "I am one of six children, all married and in our own homes with the exception of an older unmarried sister who always lived with my parents until they died recently—both of them passed away within a month. For some reason my brothers and sisters assume that I will be the one to take this spinster sister into my home, but she is so nervous and irritable that I tremble to think what will happen if she comes to live with us. (I have four boys and one girl, and I know they will drive her frantic since she is accustomed to living very quietly.) The estate will be settled soon and final arrangements will have to be made, so I would be grateful for your opinion on this."—Mo.

ANS: I see no reason why this problem should be left entirely on your shoulders. I would make plans to have a group conference of all the brothers and sisters (except the unmarried sister) and would refuse to accept any decision that isn't fair and equitable to everyone concerned. Surely this responsibility should be shared by the entire group and not pushed off on to just one member of the family.

QUES: "At the risk of seeming like a complaining grandmother I want to tell you what my problem is and ask if you have any suggestions for coping with it. When our son returned from the army he brought his wife and two-year old baby here because they couldn't find housing any place. We really get along well and I'm genuinely fond of my daughter-in-law. About eight months ago he took a job as traveling representative for a large meat packing company, and this work takes him away for two weeks at a time. Of course he wanted his wife to go with him, and the first few trips I didn't mind because I realized that it gave them a nice opportunity to be completely alone. However, these trips have now become the rule and I'm left with the care of the baby nine-tenths of the time. Of course I love

her, but I'm not in good health and it is really too much for me—also, my husband is a professional man working long and hard hours, and he simply doesn't have the peace and comfort at home that he deserves since so much of my time goes to taking care of the baby. Should I refuse to do this any longer and run the risk of alienating my daughter-in-law, or should I simply continue and hope for the best?"—Iowa.

ANS: I agree that this is a serious problem. If you continue and hope for the best, as you say, the chances are that you'll find yourself in the same position two or three years from now. It seems to me that if your son and his wife are normally intelligent people you could surely discuss this and arrive at a better understanding without hard feelings. However, it does seem to me advisable that you have your husband discuss it alone with your son—it would be better for suggestions as to a different course of action to come from him and not from either of his wife's in-laws. I don't think that you should continue in this pattern, and I do think that it can be worked out if you'll just put your cards on the table, so to speak.

QUES: "Our fifteen-year old daughter is quite an accomplished pianist and organist for her years, and recently she was offered the opportunity of becoming the organist for a church in our town. You would think that this opportunity could be accepted without trouble, but for some reason my husband has always been violently opposed to that particular church and now he raises an awful rumpus whenever we mention the fact that Louise is wanted there as an organist. I'm tempted to ignore his objections and insist that she become their organist since it pays \$10.00 per Sunday and is wonderful experience for her. Would you do this?"—Mo.

ANS: I would not. I agree with you that it is a fine opportunity for her and I'd be happy to see a daughter of mine serving as an organist at that age. However, I firmly believe that one of the great weaknesses in our family life today is the fact that fathers are given no opportunity to express their opinions and have them taken seriously. They are ignored and thrust aside countless times, and it's no wonder that their children grow up with so little respect for them. It's a shame that your husband has to express an opinion based upon such prejudice and narrow-mindedness, but at the same time I surely wouldn't encourage a child of mine to defy her father so deliberately. I honestly believe that if it were my problem I would drop the subject immediately and never refer to it again if he cannot be brought around to a more enlightened opinion.



This is the first issue of Kitchen-Klatter that has appeared since sugar rationing ended and we homemakers returned to the days when we could fix what we pleased without taking our supply of sugar into consideration.

The girls who married during the years of rationing are now discovering for the first time what it means to be able to try new recipes whenever the fancy strikes them. The youngsters who were born during those years are now learning that candy is something you can make at home (it would be interesting to know how many little boys and girls smelled the wonderful odor of boiling fudge for the first time this past month!), and that the sugar bowl can be touched without any grown-ups jumping to put it on a high shelf.

It seems long ago now when we went to sign up for our ration books—a world of important things have happened since then. But for all of us who like to cook for our families it is a wonderful thing to know that we can pick up our old ways once again. I'm sure that all of us feel a new zest in baking, and that we've had some mighty pleasant hours looking through our file of recipes. In the months to come we want to share our good recipes, old and new, with each other, and to start the ball rolling we bring you some wonderful chocolate cakes in this issue.

COOKED HOT DOG RELISH

(Can now for school lunches next winter—delicious spread over meat for sandwiches)

- 5 cups ground cucumber
- 3 cups ground onion
- 3 cups chopped celery
- 2 hot red peppers, ground
- 2 sweet red or green peppers, ground
- 3/4 cup salt
- 1 1/2 qts. water
- 1 qt. white vinegar
- 3 cups sugar
- 2 tsp. mustard seed
- 2 Tbls. celery seed

Combine vegetables; add salt and water; let stand overnight; drain. Heat vinegar, sugar, mustard and celery seed to boiling. Add vegetables; bring to boiling. Cook slowly ten minutes. Seal in hot, sterilized jars. Makes 5 pints.—Mrs. R. S. Westside, Ia.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

TEXAS CHOCOLATE CAKE

Years ago when I went to school at Cottey College the girl next door to me in the dormitory used to receive wonderful boxes of food from her family in Amarillo, Texas. The main item in those boxes was always an enormous chocolate cake four layers deep that came packed in a tin box. It was the most delicious cake I have ever eaten, and a number of years later I wrote to the mother of my friend to ask her if she would part with the recipe. It had been in the family for several generations and was never "given out", but she made an exception for her daughter's college friend; and since I'm of the opinion that all good recipes should be shared, I am passing it on to you. This makes such a large cake that you won't want to bake it frequently, but occasionally you will be asked to bring an extra-big cake—and this can fill your needs.

- 2 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 1/2 cups butter
- 5 eggs
- 4 cups cake flour
- 1 cup buttermilk
- 1 tsp. soda
- 5 sqs. of chocolate
- 2 tsp. vanilla

Cream butter and sugar until like whipped cream; add beaten egg yolks; then add flour (measured after sifting) to which soda has been added, alternately with the buttermilk. Then add egg whites which have been beaten until stiff and the vanilla. Lastly add chocolate which has been melted over hot water.

This cake must be baked in four layers. Don't try making a loaf or two layers out of it—for perfect results it must appear in the four layers. I had sensational success with one last week that I put together in the following fashion: on the bottom layer I spread a rich frosting made by combining powdered sugar, butter, cream, vanilla and one square of melted chocolate. On the next layer I spread the same frosting minus the chocolate. On the next layer I spread a thick layer of the boiled white icing that was used to cover the entire cake. This makes a big, handsome and perfectly delicious cake that will establish your reputation once and for all as a master at turning out incomparable cakes.

\$100 CAKE

There is also a story, well verified, connected with this recipe. A home economics teacher in Kansas City dined at a very famous hotel in Chicago and was so pleased with some chocolate cake which they served to her that when she returned to Kansas City she wrote to the Chicago hotel saying that she would like to have the recipe for the cake regardless of what it cost. To her astonishment she received the recipe a few days later with a bill for \$100.00. Her lawyer advised her that since she had written "regardless of cost" she would be held responsible for the bill, so she sent the hotel a check with the message that she was going to spread the recipe far and wide. Evidently she has succeeded for it reached us from friends in Shenandoah and Villisca, Ia. It really is a remarkable cake.

- 2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup butter
- 3 oz. unsweetened chocolate
- 2 eggs well beaten
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 2 tsp. vanilla
- 2 cups cake flour (measured after sifting)
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/8 tsp. salt

Melt chocolate over hot water, cool slightly. Cream sugar and butter together. Add chocolate, beating well. Add beaten eggs and beat well again. Mix dry ingredients together and alternate with milk and vanilla. For loaf cake bake 45 minutes at 350 degrees. For two layer cake, bake 20 to 25 minutes at 350 degrees.

SWEEP-STAKE CHOCOLATE CAKE

This recipe sent by a friend in Topeka, Kansas, has won many prizes at fairs.

- 1/2 cup cocoa
- 1/2 cup butter
- 2 unbeaten eggs
- 3 cups flour (measured after sifting)
- 1.8 tsp. salt
- 3/4 cup hot water
- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup sour milk
- 1 tsp. soda

In a saucepan put 1/2 cup cocoa and 3/4 cup hot water. Stir over a slow fire until like whipped cream. Cool while making cake. Cream 1/2 cup butter, add 2 cups sugar and stir well. Add 2 unbeaten eggs and beat well. Sift 3 cups flour, pinch of salt and 1 tsp. soda. Add alternately with 1 cup sour milk, beating well. Lastly, add the cocoa mixture and 1 tsp. vanilla. Bake 30 minutes in a moderate oven.

Icing

- 2 sqs. bitter chocolate
- 1 pkg. cream cheese
- 2 Tbls. milk
- 2 cups powdered sugar

Melt 2 squares chocolate and partly cool. Add cheese and mix. Add 2 Tbls. milk and sugar. Blend and spread on cake.

Again our thanks to all of you who responded to our request for a discussion, by letter, of chocolate cakes.

BARBECUED CONEY-BURGERS(Fine Picnic Fare)
Sauce

- 1/4 cup butter
- 2 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1/8 tsp. paprika
- Dash of red pepper

Blend this sauce in a skillet and add hamburger and let simmer until meat is done. Catsup or tomato juice may be added for more liquid. Ladle this hot spread over buns and serve piping hot. Onion may be added to sauce if you are sure it agrees with everyone who will be present.—Mabel Nair Brown.

HAM AND POTATO SALAD

- 1 1/2 qts. diced cooked potato
 - 1/4 cup chopped green pepper
 - 1/3 cup chopped onion
 - 1/4 cup chopped pimento
 - 2 tsp. chopped parsley
 - 2 cups diced ham
 - 1 1/2 tsp. salt
 - Pepper to taste
- Blend together with salad dressing and serve cold.—Mabel Nair Brown.

TUNA FISH MOLD

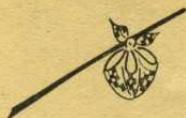
- 1 envelope gelatine
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1/2 cup sweet pickle juice
- 1/4 tsp. dry mustard
- Dash of salt
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 2 Tbls. chopped pimento
- 3 Tbls. sweet pepper
- 1 can grated tuna.

Soak gelatine in cold water for five minutes. Heat together pickle juice, lemon juice and add mustard and salt. Mix together 1 cup mayonnaise, 2 Tbls. chopped pimento, sweet pepper and tuna fish. Add dissolved gelatine to boiling liquid, stir well, and then pour hot mixture into remaining ingredients and stir. Turn into oiled mold and chill. Turn out on lettuce lined platter. I decorated this for guests by making a ring of thin cucumber slices around top of mold and putting a tiny snip of pimento on each ring. Highly attractive to the eye and delicious.—Lucile.

LUNCHEON TOMATOES

- 3 thick slices of tomato per person
- 1 cup cottage cheese
- 1/2 tsp. horseradish
- 1 Tbls. chopped green pepper
- 1 Tbls. chopped pimento

Mix cottage cheese with all ingredients except tomato. Place a slice of tomato on salad plate, cover with cheese mixture, then another slice of tomato, cheese mixture, another slice of tomato, and cover top slice with salad dressing; put one pitted ripe olive on top of mayonnaise. Garnish each plate with bits of crisp lettuce. Very filling and nourishing. Can be served with thin bread-and-butter sandwiches plus cake and iced tea for a noonday luncheon when entertaining on hot August days. Be sure salad is extremely cold.

AUGUST IS HERE*By Wilma Ward Taylor*

It's time for real summer picnics and outings for this time of year always brings out the gypsy in us, so to the woods and lakes or our own back yards we will go.

For a real outdoor picnic, nature takes care of the setting and there isn't much we can add to make it more perfect. But have you ever tried bringing nature inside for your indoor picnics? It is something different and I am sure you will be glad that you tried the idea.

For your centerpiece place a large mirror on the table to act as a base and to represent a lake or pond. Around the outside edges place small pebbles, which may be found in your own back yard or near a sandy bed of water. Miniature trees may be made from twigs of green and fastened to your scene with scotch tape. Green moss is nice to use for your ground and will give your indoor decoration an "outdoor" look. Small china animals placed here and there will add a note of reality. If you would like something more permanent which could be used all summer try making your outdoor scene in a baking tin or other suitable holder. To do this take a medium size tin and plant grass or moss and small flowers in it. Small mirrors, pebbles, and china inside will complete this decoration which may be used for inside picnics or used on a mantel or buffet.

For that picnic in your back yard try some of these ideas. Instead of calling your guests by phone as most people do for picnics, why not make individual invitations? When we think of real picnics "hot dogs" usually find their way into the menu, so let's elaborate on this food item for the invitations. Sketch a replica of a hot dog and bun on cream construction paper. Color the bun a light brown and the weiner a light red. Crayons or colored pencils will do the trick. Cut the bun invitation on the fold and print or letter your invitation inside.

To complete your invitation fold a white paper napkin around the bun and fasten with a toothpick. In making these invitations you will want them about 2 and 1/2 inches by 5 inches folded, so that you can mail them in a medium size envelope. Won't your guests be happily surprised to receive these different invitations?

Checked table cloths, lanterns, colorful food and of course home made ice cream will add to your party. If your guests will be sitting on blankets it is fun to fix lunches for two and place them in a colored bandana and tie the bandana onto a stick, so that the guests may pick them up and carry them to their eating place.

Try these ideas and I'm sure your guests will pat you on the back for being a clever hostess.

STUFFED PEPPERS

- 8 green peppers
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 1 pound ground beef
- 2 Tbls. fat
- 4 medium-sized tomatoes (2 cups) chopped
- 1 1/2 cups cut, fresh corn
- Salt and pepper
- Buttered crumbs

Cut tops from green peppers; remove seeds. Precook peppers 5 minutes in boiling water; drain carefully. Brown onion and beef in hot fat; add tomato, corn, and seasonings. Stuff peppers with this mixture and top with buttered crumbs. Place each stuffed pepper in greased muffin pan containing 1 Tbls. hot water. Bake uncovered in moderate oven for 1 hour. Peppers hold their shape well when baked this way.—Mrs. F. C. S., Madison, Nebr.

SWEET PICKLED CRAB APPLES

(Can be used also for pears and peaches)

Remove blossom ends from 7 pounds crab apples; don't pare. Cook 5 minutes in water to cover; drain; reserve liquid. Combine 8 cups sugar, 2 cups vinegar, 2 cups fruit liquid or water, 1 3-inch stick cinnamon, 1 Tbls. whole cloves, 2 small pieces ginger root, and 2 blades mace. Cook 5 minutes. Add fruit. Cook slowly until tender and transparent. Pack in hot, sterilized jars; cover with hot sirup; seal at once. Makes 6 pints. **PEACH PICKLES.** Use 7 pounds small free-stone peaches; peel. Pack in hot, sterilized jars; cover with the hot sirup to 1/2-inch of top; seal. Makes 6 pints.

PICKLED WHOLE BEETS

Cut leaves off 2 pounds tender young beets, leaving 1 inch of stems and root end. Wash thoroughly. Cook, covered, in boiling water until just tender—about 35 minutes. Dip in cold water; peel. Pack in hot jars. Combine 1/2 cup vinegar, 3/4 cup light or dark corn sirup, 1 cup water, and 2 tsp. salt. Heat to boiling. Pour over beets, filling jars to 1/2-inch from top. Process 30 minutes in boiling-water bath. Makes 3 pints.—Mrs. E. B., Jackson, Minn.

PEACH NUT CONSERVE

- 6 cups sliced ripe peaches
- 4 cups sugar
- 1 orange, quartered
- 1 1/2 cups pineapple tidbits, drained
- 1 cup broken English walnut meats

Combine peaches and sugar; let stand until juice forms. Force orange through food chopper. Cut pineapple in small pieces. Combine peach mixture, orange, and pineapple; cook slowly until thick, about 40 minutes. Remove from heat and add nut meats. Seal in hot, sterilized glasses. Makes eight 6-ounce glasses.

We'd like to hear what you canned this summer now that sugar is available again—Leanna and Lucile

LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

As I sit down to write my letter to you tonight I think how I closed my last letter by saying that I hoped by the time I wrote again we would all have everything planted that needed to be planted, and our field work well under way. Frank and I sincerely hope that for some of you this is true. As for us, we haven't even been into the fields since I wrote that letter. In fact, as I write this tonight, our farm land is completely flooded for the fourth time in two weeks, and right now the rain is coming down in sheets.

With all the raging floods throughout Southern and Eastern Iowa the past few weeks, Frank and I feel fortunate that we are at least sitting high and dry in our little house on top of the hill. How much worse off other people are whose homes, crops and livestock have all been swept away. We still have our home and all our livestock. All we have left in the way of crops is a small patch of wheat which we hope to get some seed from for next year.

Yesterday we spent the day with Frank's parents. I made a cake after dinner to have with our afternoon coffee, the first one I've made since sugar rationing went off. My but it did taste good! Kristin and I made a couple of batches of cookies the other day, and I even made a big plate of fudge for Kristin to give to her Grandfather Johnson for Father's Day. It was the first time she had ever seen me make candy so she got a bigger thrill out of giving him that than she would have had going to town and buying something for him.

While my cake was in the oven I went out on the front porch to see how much the water had risen. The Johnson's house sits on a little hill, and between the yard fence and the road is a nice little meadow, which by this time was covered with water all except for one little piece in the corner that is a little higher ground. I was amazed to see one of our cows and her little few days old calf. I was amazed because not fifteen minutes before we had seen them in back of the house from the kitchen window. In fact, Mrs. Johnson remarked that that was the first time she had seen the calf. How that cow and calf ever got out to that little "island" is beyond all of us, but that didn't alter the situation any. She was there and had to be gotten out in a hurry because the water was rising rapidly.

I ran out in back of the house and called Frank, who put on his hip boots, picked up a rope and started down to look the situation over. Finally after deciding which was the shallowest path to take he started out. In spite of everything I had to laugh because he looked so funny. He hadn't fastened his boots through his belt, so as the water got deeper he was trying to hold up his boots and keep the rope from getting wet at the same time. Finally he was in water above his boots anyway so he just let them fall and concentrated on the rope. He



The sun was shining directly into our eyes, but at least you can see that Juliana and Kristin were having fun with the baby lamb.

roped the calf and took it through the fence and up the road to higher ground. Of course the cow was frantic at seeing her calf taken away and ran around wildly trying to decide how she could get to it. And of course the rest of us stood in the yard and held our breath for fear she would start toward the creek, but she didn't. By walking part way and swimming part way she managed to get to the house, then to the barnyard where she found Frank and her baby. And that is the nearest we have come to losing any stock.

Well, there is one thing this year has been good for, and that is the fruit, all except for the peaches. Our peaches froze earlier, so we won't have any this year. But we are going to have lots and lots of pears. The raspberry bushes and blackberry bushes are loaded. The raspberries are late of course. Last year at this time we were picking raspberries. Tomorrow Frank and I are going to pick cherries. This is going to be a job because we have lots of trees and they are all loaded.

We had something delicious for dinner today that I had never had before—wild strawberry shortcake. While we ate it I thought about Lucile and wished she were here to enjoy it with us because strawberry shortcake is her favorite food. Frank had been out looking over the fruit situation this morning—in fact, he had gone down to see when we should start picking cherries, and he came back all excited and said he had found a wonderful big patch of wild strawberries, to grab a pan and we would go pick some. The ground was literally red with them, great big luscious ones, and in no time at all we had a big pan full, enough for dinner and supper both, and hadn't even begun to cover the patch. I just hope the weather is so we can pick the rest of them tomorrow. I want Mother Johnson to have a big pan full because she is also very fond of strawberries, especially the wild ones. Now is the time I wish we lived close enough to my family so that I could just "run in" with cherries for pies and wild strawberries for shortcake for all of them. I'll bet Lucile and Mother, Margery and

Abigail wish I did too.

I don't know how she managed to acquire it, since we have had so little sun, but Kristin is beginning to get a real good tan. And her appetite has picked up and we can practically see her gain weight. It seems to me she is eating or drinking milk all the time. I have never liked to have her eat between meal snacks because she wouldn't eat at mealtime. But now she eats all day and at mealtime too. She just received a lovely new dress from Russell's mother, Mrs. Verness. I had always admired so much a dress she made for Juliana, and when she was in Shenandoah the last time Lucille gave her a lovely piece of sheer white material and the lace, and she took it home with her and made a dress for Kristin. In return, I am making a white dotted swiss dress for Kristin Solstad exactly like one I had just finished for our Kristin. It is smocked in pale blue with pink ramblers roses scattered through it, with the collars and sleeves edged in lace. It is practically finished now, and should be in the mail by the first of next week.

Kristin's birthday is next Tuesday, June 24th, and we had talked and made all of the plans for her birthday party, but when I saw what the weather was going to be like I didn't even send out the invitations because no one would be able to come. Fortunately she doesn't have a clear grasp on Time and now we've decided not to announce that it's her birthday until we wake up and see the sun shining and realize that it's going to be nice enough for our little guests to make it. This may be a somewhat curious thing to do about a birthday, but it's the only way I know of to avoid a painful disappointment. Surely, I tell myself, this rain can't last forever. With every shower I think; now this is the "clearing off" shower. Well, who knows, perhaps this one tonight is.

Sincerely, Dorothy.

BE GLAD

Be glad each day for something, it may be hard to find
A cause for real rejoicing, so sordid is the grind.
You may indeed feel bitter and say there's not a thing
For which to just be pleasant, so torturous is the sting;
But somewhere in our being some cheering thought must be,
If we will go a searching for it right honestly.

THE WORLD

This world is a pretty good sort of a world
Taking it all together;
In spite of the grief and sorrow we meet,
In spite of the gloomy weather.
There are friends to love and hopes to cheer,
And plenty of compensation
For every ache, for those who make
The best of the situation.

—Anon.

HOBBY PAGE

From the country that our boys called "Down Under" during the war came a most interesting letter last week, and parts of it we want to share with you for we feel certain that some of you will want to make the acquaintance of our friend.

"Dear Mrs. Driftmier: I have just received three copies of your magazine Kitchen-Klatter that were kindly sent to me by a friend in Maywood, Ill. Please may I join your happy family and get to know you all? Never have I read a magazine with such a friendly and home-like appeal. Am I one of many or your first Australian reader?" (Editor's note—we have a number of other friends in Australia.)

"I shall be very pleased to write to anyone who shares my hobbies and will gather some comic papers to send to some little children I see are in need of cheer.

"I am in the early forties, have a very good husband and two dear children, a daughter and a son. My hobbies are collecting recipe books, mainly the ones published by various food companies, needlework or transfers, magazines of all kinds, view cards, flower and vegetable seeds. Will be pleased to exchange any of these with everyone interested.

"You mention two magazines in your letter (March), The Farm Journal and the Household Magazine. I have not had the pleasure of seeing either of these and would be so grateful if some of your readers would send me some; in return I will send some of ours. Are they weeklies or monthlies? We have a number of weeklies.

"My son David has had two letters from lads of his own age (eighteen) and they say they were given his address by Gertrude Hayzlett. I notice she has a column in your paper. May I convey through you our thanks for the pleasure David has received? He has written to both boys and will be happy to be friends with them.

"Wishing you and yours all the very best of good things, I am yours sincerely, Neta Stark, "Leonaid", Meredith St., NTH Stockton, Newcastle, N.S.W., Australia."

Note: Mrs. Stark's address reads most curiously to our eyes, doesn't it?)

"Will exchange paper napkins."—Miss Lorraine Eustace, Luverne, Ia.

"My hobby is collecting salt and pepper shakers. I have over 100."—Mrs. Walter R. Geisler, Maxwell, Ia.

"My hobby is potholders. I will exchange the Kansas sunflower (crocheted) for embroidered or crocheted pot holder of your state. Also have others to exchange."—Mrs. Elsie Huffer, Glasco, Kansas.

"I am trying to collect bone dishes and cup plates and if any Kitchen-Klatter readers can help me, I will exchange their hobby for them."—Mrs. W. E. Bowen, Mack, Colorado.

Mrs. N. J. Montgomery, 5026½ King Hill Ave., St. Joseph, 45, Mo. will exchange quilt pieces.



Our youngest daughter, Margery Driftmier Harms, who became the mother of little Martin Erik on July 8th.

"My hobby is collecting house plants, including cactus plants. Am interested in some pretty geraniums."—Mrs. Melvin J. Heineman, Thurston, Nebraska.

"I am a social shut-in and collect many things. I would be interested in exchanging salt and pepper shakers, pitchers, pot holders, slippers, souvenirs, novelties, and hankies."—Mrs. Lena Debus, No. 253, Welcome, Minn.

Mrs. Jesse Savacool, 743 N. Taylor St., Amarillo, Texas, collects small china dogs and would love to have one from each state.

Mrs. Cora Kinder, 612 East D. Street, Ontario, Calif., collects buttons, jewelry, and "book" design cards.

VERSE FOR PARENTS' WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

A loving "Thank You" to you both
For picking out each other
So I could have so grand a Dad
And such a perfect Mother—

And then a very special wish
That this glad day you're spending
Will introduce a year that's filled
With happiness unending.

REPRINTS AMERICAN FAMILY STORY

The reprints of Chapters 12 to 24 are ready for you. Send 25¢ and a new subscription to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine (\$1.25 for both) if you want them. 50¢ and a new subscription. (\$1.50) will bring you the first 24 chapters of the story, and the magazine for a year.

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE
Shenandoah, Iowa

I'LL TAKE THE COUNTRY!

How many times I have ridden the fast express trains into New York City! How many times indeed! Rushing at seventy miles an hour past hundreds of factories with their belching smokestacks and soot-streaked water towers; diving at lightning speed through deep tunnels that make ones ears hurt; winding up over high bridges with other traffic on decks above and below; finally racing down the elevated tracks past 125th Street Station and through one last long tunnel into the very heart of the world's greatest city.

The train speeds past blocks and blocks of tall, red brick tenement buildings—all alike, all dismally dirty with discolored chimneys and row upon row of tiny, dark, uniform windows half open and half hidden by grimy shades with perhaps a bottle of milk or a pot of sickly flowers standing upon the sills. There are people on the roofs, hanging out the windows, leaning in the doorways and pushing their way through the streets. Here and there are little alleys almost obscured amidst a jungle of washlines and criss-cross radio aerials. Everywhere one looks there are more walls and more windows, miles and miles of them. And to think of all the hundreds of thousands of people who live behind those windows! How do they live?

As the train rushes past you wonder what it would be like to live in those brick hives year after year without knowing the joy of having a garden, or even of looking at green trees and hills and fields of grain. What would it be like to live with the constant roar of city traffic, cars, trucks, trains and busses?

I don't know how many times I have ridden fast express trains into New York City, but I know this: I know that every time I have done so I have thanked God that I am from the country. I marvel at the scientific miracles which make possible our great cities, but I marvel still more at the nature of a man who actually prefers city life to that of the country. Granted! the New York subway system is wonderful and I take off my hat to the engineers who run it, but oh! how thankful I am that I don't have to ride on it day after day and year after year. I'll take a quiet ride on a country lane any day. The astounding height of the Empire State building amazes me, but as for the view that the height gives one . . . well, I'll take the view from the hill on the farm where smoke and soot never obscure it.

I have visited many countries on several continents, and I have lived in the greatest of cities. What has it taught me? It has taught me to take pride in the fact that I am just a man from the country, a small-town boy at heart. The more I travel and the more I see the way people live, the more I am convinced that country people live best. They live best because they live closer to nature, closer to things as God created them to be.

—Frederick.

ANGORA WOOL RABBITS

By Hallie M. Barrow

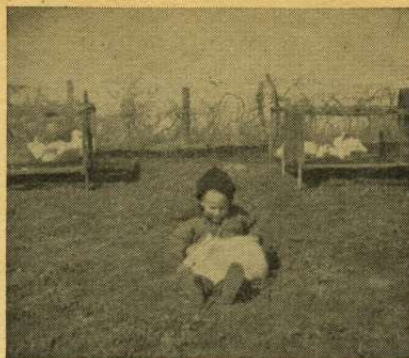
The Easter rabbit didn't leave a fluffy, white bunny for three-year old Robert Bruce Winters this year for that would have been carrying coals to Newcastle. At the farm home of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Brecht at Helena, Mo., there are several hundred of these white rabbits known as the Angora wool rabbit. It was first a hobby of his grandfather's and now it's a business with his mother. Both of Robert's parents were in the service. His father was unable to find a home for his family at the university where he wished to finish his education so they are living with her parents and his father drives each day to attend Junior College at St. Joseph, Mo. His mother was soon convinced that the Angora rabbit wool has a future of high commercial value, and consequently she took over her father's hobby; by the time her husband has finished his electrical course she hopes to have built up a foundation herd of a thousand rabbits.

There have been many fads in the past few years in fur rabbits. The wool rabbit is to be distinguished from the fur rabbit, and this latest breed development looks as though it would be far more profitable commercially because the wool rabbits can be sheared time and time again. When the fur rabbit gives up his coat, it's his life as well.

Can you imagine shearing or plucking a rabbit? Well, Mrs. Winters could for she had lived on a farm until she entered a nurse's training course. She had often seen and helped with both plucking geese and shearing sheep. A single Angora rabbit will yield about a pound of wool a year, and it must be sheared every ten weeks. Until the war most of this rabbit wool was imported and much of it came from Japan.

Very few of the Angora rabbits are plucked. Most of them are sheared, and it doesn't hurt the rabbit in the least for if his wool were not sheared he would begin to get rid of it himself by shedding. The rabbit is strapped to a regular shearing board after all bits of hay chaff have been brushed from his coat. Then the wool is parted down the back and shearing begins well back on the hip and goes forward. Heavy barber scissors are used, and Mrs. Winters says that experience is the best teacher. The wool must be cut only once, firm and true, for cutting twice would result in shorts. Since Grade I commands a premium price it must be carefully graded. Small boxes are near the shearing board and the wool is graded as it is cut.

Although most bulletins and booklets say that the doe may have four litters a year, Mrs. Winters finds that two litters are better for hers as she has no warm place to keep the does and their young in cold weather. All of her two-hundred rabbits are kept on open mash pens in the outside. Their long, heavy wool coats turn snow and afford protection even in



Robert Bruce Winters and some of his mother's Angora rabbits.

zero weather. The only time any special precautions are necessary is when the rabbit is newly sheared—then his pen must be covered on one side until the new coat gets started.

The average litter is six which come about thirty days after mating. The doe must have her own nest box and cannot be disturbed for several days after her young are born. After five days she can be given a carrot, and while she is interested in this tidbit the nest box can be taken out, examined and replaced. The young are left with the doe until about seven or eight weeks of age, and then they are separated.

Angora rabbits are fed home grown grains and either alfalfa or clover hay of good quality. Some green feed must be supplied and it may be selected from a wide list such as lawn clippings, cabbage, kale, many weeds, small limbs trimmed from young fruit trees; and when green feed is unavailable root crops such as carrots, stock beets, sweet potatoes and turnips may be used. Salt and fresh water must always be kept before them. Commercial feeds can be used, but Mrs. Winters takes advantage of foods grown on her father's farm for the bulk of her supply.

The wool is spun by some breeders, and in turn they sell baby garments and sweaters rather than the raw wool. This wool can be spun on a regular spinning wheel. However, Mrs. Winters thinks she will wait until an electric spinning wheel invention has been perfected. She is watching the improvements that are constantly being made on this electric spinning wheel and hopes by the time she has her herd built up it will be ready to put on the market. She, too, wishes to spin her own wool.

The following grades of wool are explained and the prices paid in January, 1947.

Plucked No. 1 wool—\$14.50 This wool is pure white, absolutely clean, free of all mats and foreign matter; staple length 2½ to 3 inches—\$11.30

Plucked No. 2 wool—\$12.00. This wool is pure white, clean, free of all foreign bits, staple length 1½ to 2 inches—\$9.30

No. 3 wool—pure white and as above but 1 to 1½ inches in length—\$7.30

No. 4 wool—pure white, clean, matted wool—\$3.80

No. 5 wool—all stained and unclean wool, matted or unmatted—\$2.30.

Angora rabbits are easily handled, very docile, and their beautiful appearance, with their soft wooly coats and pink eyes make them a real pleasure to handle. Perhaps it's a hobby which you too could turn to profit.

SUMMER GUESTS

By Mabel Nair Brown

Balmy summer days are here and our thoughts turn toward visitors and visiting. There is an art in being a good guest as well as a good hostess, so perhaps these few "do's" and "don'ts" will help make for greater enjoyment at your home.

For the Guest

1. Be sure you're welcome or invited. Don't be forever a "happen-in-er," staying anywhere from a day to a week. Remember that your hostess may have plans with her family and other friends, so although you may have a so-called standing invitation, your visit will be much more welcome if you write a note to inquire when it would be convenient.

2. Don't invite your gang to pile in and go along, saying, "Oh, Mary won't care; she loves company!" Mary's home is her own; let her invite her own friends. Let her meet your friends at your home.

3. It's best to have a definite time limit on your stay, and don't prolong it—in other words, when it's time to go—git!

4. Try to fit into the family routine (meal time, rest periods, laundry, etc.).

5. Offers of help depend on the circumstances. In most instances, two pairs of hands will make light work and more time for visiting, but there are women who become very nervous if they try to talk and prepare a meal simultaneously, so don't insist upon helping if you can see that your hostess would prefer being alone.

6. Don't expect to be entertained every minute. Be able to look after yourself, giving your hostess time for her own affairs and family plans.

7. If you take children with you on a visit, begin early to train them to be appreciative guests, and not to expect to have the hostess' household rearranged to suit their fancy.

8. If you're visiting with a woman with small youngsters, she'll love it if you entertain and amuse them occasionally, leaving her free to complete meals, etc.

9. In most homes, with the hostess doing her own work, you should make your own bed and straighten the bedroom. Don't leave your open suitcase in the hall or living room and keep all of your possessions together.

10. Do remember to send a "thank-you note," and begin early to teach your youngsters to remember this courtesy too.

Listen to Leanna and Lucile with their Kitchen-Klatter program from KMA at 3:15 every weekday afternoon.

Practical Poultry POINTERS

By Olinda Wiles

I know that many of you are planning on putting some of your spring fries in your locker. Now I am not exactly an authority on preparing meat, and there are many booklets and bulletins put out by the companies owning the lockers, but I thought perhaps you might be interested in some of my experiments.

First, be sure you select plump, well-developed chickens, for although freezing does improve flavor you can never put an inferior product into your locker and expect it to perform miracles by turning out a tender, plump fowl.

Last fall I dressed some very fat late hatched chickens. These were some that had hatched out in the strawstack and were hybrids. Then I purchased twenty dark Cornish cockerels; these are sometimes called Indian game chickens, and certainly they are distinctly different in flavor, bordering on wild game in taste. These were all raised together and milk fed. They developed very fast, although I will admit that they were never allowed to see the bottom of their feeders.

They dressed very nicely—there was scarcely a pin feather! You can purchase turkey's, ducks, or geese at a time when the markets are low, dress and freeze them, and then when the holidays roll around you are all ready. It is also a good idea to reduce your flock, for not only do you save feed but you can have fries the year around. I put mine in the locker on October 19th, 1946 and used the last one on June 19th, 1947. It was as good as the first one. Hens also freeze just as good as young chicken.

If you wish to roast them leave them whole and put the giblets in waxed paper and place inside of the fowl if you intend to use them in the dressing. When I dress a number of them at one time I put the giblets in pint jars—that is, I put the gizzards all in one jar and the livers in another jar. I cook the gizzards and make noodles with them. The livers make an appetizing meal when fried lightly and served with cornbread, if you like that combination.

Place the chicken in salt water for several hours, then drain off the water, but leave whatever water clings to the pieces when packing them in the containers. I use the cellophane bags that you seal with a hot iron. Keep all backs, necks and bony pieces at home or pack them separately. Be sure the meat is thoroughly cooled before packing in bags.

Mark your packages whole or cut-up as the case may be. Poultry should be thawed before using. I like to take it out of the locker in advance and store it in the home refrigerator whenever it is possible. You then prepare them in whatever way you would when they were freshly dressed.



When Kristin Solstad visited us we were able to get a picture of the three little girls together—Kristin Solstad, Kristin Johnson, and Juliana Verness.

POINTERS FOR YOUR CHILD

By Lucille Sassaman

When Mrs. Spencer Tracy spoke at the Illinois Congress of Parents and Teachers she impressed me as one of the most vital and beautiful women whom I have ever seen. She wore a very simple high-necked crepe gown and no make-up, yet when she sat on the same platform with a number of expensively dressed and made-up women she made them all look drab. She is not pretty but her radiance makes her appear beautiful, and it comes from doing a hard job with her whole heart.

The speech she made to that large audience was really just the simple story of a mother and her son John. She started by telling us that after she and Spencer were married they both travelled in a road company playing in theatres all over the country.

When their baby boy was born they were as happy as we all are to have a perfect and beautiful child. He was ten months old before she suspected that he couldn't hear, and in her fright and grief she concealed it from her husband, waiting until they went to Chicago where she could get to a good ear specialist. This doctor of great reputation confirmed her suspicion that the baby couldn't hear, and then went further and said that he never would be able to hear anything.

Mrs. Tracy then asked him the question which had been in the front of her mind all these months—"Will he ever learn to talk?" and the doctor replied, "No, of course not. Children learn to talk by imitation of sounds."

Deaf and dumb—deaf and dumb... all she could think about were the few chance sights of people on the street talking with their fingers. She said that she doesn't remember how she got back to the hotel, but that she then broke down and told Spencer all she had learned.

Neither one of them knew anything about deafness, so they accepted the doctor's report and just to make life bearable they agreed to "pretend that the baby is normal." Consequently, for a year and a half they treated him as though he could hear. They sang lullabies and talked to him and read nursery rhymes. Unconsciously they did the very best thing that could possibly have been done.

When they reached Boston they went to another doctor who confirmed the diagnosis that the Chicago special-

ist had made: that the baby could not hear and never would, but—and this BUT changed their whole life—even though no doctor could help their baby his parents could, and then he told them how to do it.

He told them that if they would accept this challenge that their baby could live a normal life, he could learn to talk and read lips, he could go to school and eventually to a University; he also told them that there were schools, both public and private, where he could learn lip reading and speech, and that they could learn how to help their child to adjust to a world of normal living.

Out of Mrs. Tracy's experience with her son they established a clinic for parent education. There they instruct parents how to help their deaf children and, just as important, how to help the family to adjust their mental attitudes to face the problem and how to accept it courageously.

They have a nursery school in the clinic where mothers and children attend classes as part of the parent training course, but although they can accommodate only thirty pupils at a time, they have reached hundreds all over the world by correspondence. And they have had remarkable success. Their methods are very simple, stressing the importance of talking and talking to the child, facing him directly and talking in natural sentences so he can get the rhythm of language as well as words. Language learning is natural in a child from 1 and ½ on, so that is the time to start training the deaf child. Deaf children are exactly like other children with the one exception that they cannot hear. Like all children they learn by play, so most of the training course consists of a series of games.

This clinic is free for all who cannot afford to pay, and they welcome letters from parents any place in the world who are confronted with this problem. The only thing that she asked us to do was to get this invitation to as many people as possible, and to pledge that we would never again say "deaf and dumb". There just isn't any such thing.

Her son John is now in a University, and his mother is quite different from the description she gave of herself twenty years ago, a woman crushed and frightened by the prospect of raising a "deaf and dumb" child.

The address of this clinic is simply, John Tracy Clinic, Los Angeles, California.

"I can't listen to you on the radio anymore, because I work six days a week, but believe me, that just makes the *Kitchen-Klatter* Magazine that much more precious. I wouldn't miss a copy of it for anything. It's the only way I have now of keeping up on the news of you and your family."

—Mildred Lincoln, Des Moines, Iowa.

ENLARGEMENTS

5x7 ENLARGEMENTS from your favorite negatives printed on heavy studio-type paper suitable for framing. 25¢ each, pp.

Order from
VERNESS STUDIO
Shenandoah, Iowa



FOR THE CHILDREN

THE THUMBLETY BUMBLETY ELF TAKES A VACATION

By Maxine Sickels

It was a hot August day in the Great Forest. The Thumblety Bumblety Elf had spent most of it under the shade of a gooseberry bush listening to a group of boys and girls who were having a picnic in the deep shade. They spread their lunch on a paper tablecloth at noon. After eating and laughing and talking and eating some more, they had picked up all the food and all the dishes and then every teeny weeny scrap of paper until the place was just as neat and pretty as it was in the beginning.

After that they sat around on the grass singing songs and talking some more. Mostly they talked about the vacations they had just had. Some had been to the farm, some to the mountains, some to the seashore. They talked of the things they had taken along—suitcases, traveling cases, swin suits.

The Thumblety Bumblety's head was in a whirl with so much chatter. There was just one thing he knew for sure—he wanted to take a vacation. Off he hurried to his little house in the Old Log. He was hoping he would meet Mr. Robert O. Robin again, for he was sure to know about vacations. He spent quite a bit of his time near those people who took vacations.

No one else whom Thumblety knew ever took a vacation. The Bumble Bee just kept on buzzing, the Butterfly kept on flying, the Lightning Bug kept on lighting. But the Thumblety Bumblety Elf was determined that he was going to have one of those things called a "vacation".

His friend Robert O. Robin was quite a bit of help. He said, "Vacations are easy. You just pack a lot of clothes in a bag no matter whether you need them or not. Some people take three or four bags but *one* would be easier. Then you take your bag and go someplace where you aren't. People use cars and boats and airplanes. You can ride on my back." "Thank you," said the Thumblety Bumblety Elf, "but where will you take me?"

"Wherever you want to go," said Mr. Robin. Thumblety began to tug at his lock of front hair as he always did when he was thinking. "Where shall I go? Let me see. Where shall I go?" he asked.

"Some people go to visit friends," said Mr. Robin helpfully.

"But all of my friends are right here," answered the little Elfman.

"Why don't you go over on the shore of the Big Pond and camp out for a few days—that would be a nice vaca-

tion," suggested Mr. Robin.

Thumblety was delighted and began to pack at once using Mrs. Oriole's last year's nest for his traveling case. He put in two blankets, four suits, his swimming trunks, two heavy shirts for cool days, two light shirts for warm days, and six pair of socks and two pair of shoes. He had to push and grunt to get them all in.

"How long are you going to stay?" asked Mr. Robin.

"At least two weeks and perhaps longer. I might even stay until the weather gets cold."

In just no time at all the Thumblety Bumblety Elf was flying through the air on Mr. Robin's back holding to his hat with one hand and to his traveling case with the other. They landed with scarcely a bump on the grassy banks of the big pond.

The Thumblety Bumblety Elf was lucky enough to find a tent which had been woven by tent caterpillars under a gooseberry bush near the water's edge. He moved in at once. The air was warm, the sky was blue, and all around the insects hummed and buzzed a friendly "Hello."

Thumblety hung his clothes on the convenient gooseberry briars and went walking along the shore of the blue pond. Two or three dragonflies went drifting along. (Isn't it queer that they look so much like tiny airplanes but never make a sound?).

Just in the edge of twilight the Thumblety Elf ate his supper of toasted mushroom sandwiches, rolled up in his cobweb blankets and went to sleep. For two days he had the nicest kind of a time. He played leap frog with some little green frogs who lived near. He swung on Mrs. Garden Spider's wing. He splashed in the puddles in his new swim suit.

The third morning he woke up with cold drops of rain splashing in his face. Now usually Thumblety didn't mind rain, but he didn't have his rain coat and he was cold. His tent began to leak here and there. The wind blew cold through the holes in his tent, and he was wet and cold and unhappy.

Just when he began to wonder what he would do, Mr. Robert O. Robin flew under the edge of the bush and whistled, "Cheer-o-lee, cheer-o-lee, how are you?"

The Thumblety Bumblety Elf answered, "I am wet and cold and I wish I were back in Hollow Log Home."

"Hop right on the Robin airplane and we'll be there in less than no time."

Quick as a wink (or perhaps even quicker) Thumblety piled all of his clothes and his bankets into his old oriole nest traveling case, hopped on Mr. Robin's back and away they flew through the cold wet rain.



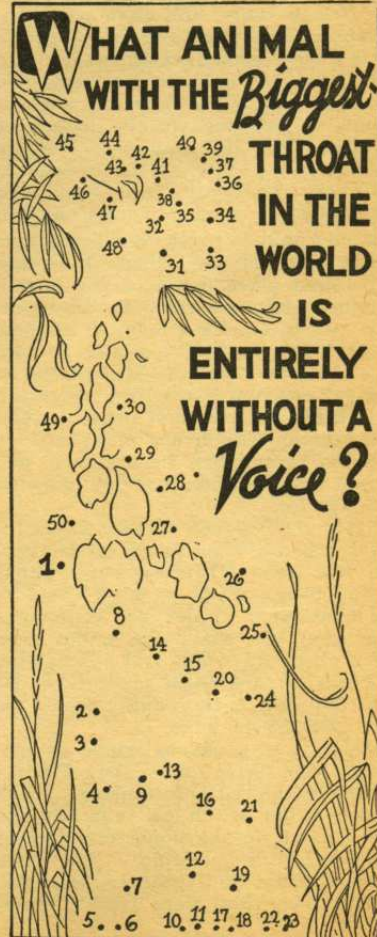
Mary Jane Wilkening looks like a real live doll here where her big sister, Ruth Ann, is bending over her. Their grandmother is Mrs. Chris Jessen of State Center, Iowa.

On the doorstep of his Hollow Log Home he stopped just long enough to say, "Thank you, Mr. Robin. That was a lovely vacation but the nicest part is coming home."

"Cheer-o-lee, cheer-o-lee," said Mr. Robin. "I have heard many people say exactly the same thing."

THE NIGHT

The night is waking up. She flies and sways her cloak And brings the darkness. The stars are waking up. They are the candles of the night The night tries to put them out But she cannot.



"Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" Department. Over 100,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate: 6¢ per word, \$1.00 minimum charge, payable in advance. When counting words, count each initial in name and address. Rejection rights reserved. Your ad must reach us by the 5th of the month preceding date of issue.

FOR SALE: Three piece pineapple fan chair sets, ecru, or white, \$3.50. Fifteen inch pineapple doilies, ecru or white \$2.25. Northern lights doilies in colors \$2.50. Nine inch white pansy doilies, with colored borders \$1.25, 18 inch double star doilies ecru, white or colors, \$3.00, 12 inch doilies to match \$2.00, 9 inch flower center doilies, ecru or white \$1.25. Potholders with colored star centers, 50c. **ORDER NOW FOR HOLIDAY GIFTS.** Hazel Hegwood, Swan, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Crocheted chair sets, pot holders, doilies, aprons. Stamp for information. Mrs. Rex Wiley, 610 N. Walnut, Creston, Iowa.

WANTED: Tatted doilies. **WRITE,** Mrs. Charles Garbedian, 1569 So. Bundy Dr., Los Angeles, California.

ATTENTION GIFT SHOPS: Ready for shipment, pillow cases, hemstitched, and 5, crocheted medallions across front of 42 inch cases. Exclusive and unusual designs. Pillow case and sheet matched sets and other items. Will send subject to examination. Not C.O.D. to reliable shop. Not sold to individuals. **WRITE,** Mrs. E. E. Wolfe, Box 756, Pampa, Texas.

CROCHETED TULIP AND DAISY POT HOLDERS, 50 cents and 3 cent stamp each. Kermit Chapman, Gassaway, W. Vir.

FOR SALE—Crocheted tablecloth, 72x80 ecru, \$40.00. Enclose stamp. Molly King, Janesville, Iowa.

VERY STRONG CLOTHES PIN BAGS, 65 cents, or 2 for \$1.25 and 3-cent stamp. Marie Kostlan, 2864 West Ave. 35, Los Angeles, 41, California.

WANTED: Orders for crocheted work, all kinds. Bleached sack pillow cases, embroidered and edged. Prices reasonable. Eva Donath, Strawberry Point, Iowa.

FANCY APRONS FOR SALE: Cotton half aprons, 85¢. Plastic half aprons, \$1.75, full plastic aprons, \$2.75, small, med, and large. Will not tear. Crocheted darning kits, \$1.00. Makes nice gifts. Ruth Zenor, Terril, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Hand crocheted tablecloth, 62x70 ecru No. 30. Price \$35.00. Send stamps for information. Miss Lottie Zenor, Terril, Iowa.

SUNBONNETS, aprons, knitted booties, jackets, and soakers, kimonos crocheted around. Also print dresses, any size. Lydia Warren, Beverly, Kansas.

FOR SALE: Brand new, famous, Denver pressure cooker, 25 quart size, accommodates half gallon jars. Price twenty dollars. Mrs. Anders Thomsen, Millard, Nebraska.

CROCHETED TEA APRONS, lacy pineapple design. White. Small \$2.00, medium or large, \$3.00 each. Butterfly chair set \$4.00, 2 sets \$7.00 white. Postpaid. Mrs. Edna Sutterfield, Craig, Missouri.

LOVELY SWEATER, cap and booties for baby. Crocheted of pink or blue yarn. \$4.00 set. Mrs. Ernest Marcum, Center, Ky.

BEAUTIFUL SOUTHERN PRIDE BED-SPREAD. Crocheted of cream colored thread popcorn stitch. Extra large. Price \$100.00. Mrs. Ernest Marcum, Center, Ky.

DAINTY CROCHETED SACHET BASKETS, with tiny crocheted flowers Pastel shades. 40¢ each, or 2 for 75¢. Mrs. W. J. Oostenink, Hull, Iowa.

SMOCKING: I will smock dresses or blouses, \$1.50 each. Send material, thread, and pattern. \$4.00 for making complete dress. Give complete instructions. Melva Christensen, Elk Horn, Iowa.

FLOWER GARDEN QUILT, \$26.00. Pre-war material. Rose-pink lining. No checks, money order preferred. Alice Lung, 229 N. Monroe, Rushville, Illinois.

I HAVE FOR SALE, new home-made quilts, white or colored lining, prices, \$25.00 each. Mrs. H. W. Stilts, Route 2, Hardyville, Kentucky.

HEALTH HINTS: Practical ideas on health by a nurse. Eight-day reducing program. Acid producing foods, Wrinkles and Gray hair, Why and when are we old, Child feeding problems. Price, 15¢. Mrs. Walt Pitzer, Shell Rock, Iowa.

PRINT SUN SUITS: 1 to 4 years, \$1.00; 6 suits for \$5.00 Textile painted pillow cases, 42x34, \$1.50. Print coverall apron \$1.00. Mrs. Will Debus, Route 4, Manhattan, Kansas.

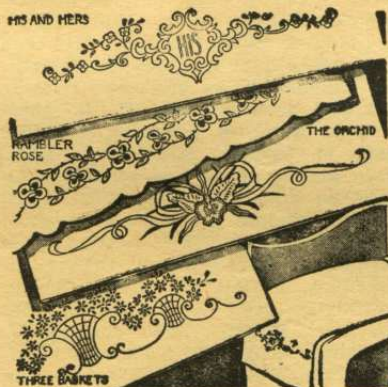
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FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED Apartment or House wanted in Lincoln, Nebraska by opening of fall term for veteran, wife and three-year-old daughter who will be considerate, dependable tenants. Write to Box 265, Farragut, Iowa.

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Write to me about your problems. I'll try and answer all of them as soon as space permits.

OUR DAILY BREAD

Back of the loaf the snowy flour,
And back of the flour the mill;
And back of the mill is the wheat,
And the sower, and the sun,
And the Father's will.

—M. B. Babcock.

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PICNIC PLANS

By Mabel Nair Brown

Wonderful long-to-be remembered picnics don't just happen! It is a wise hostess who realizes that it takes a bit of clever planning to give a picnic that delightfully causal air with fun and food for all. A first rule is simplicity. Picnics which become too involved around complicated camping equipment, elaborate food and a full sized medicine chest cease to be picnics—better plan a fortnight's trip in the woods to utilize it. Let's content ourselves with plenty of good simple food, a camp chair or blanket, a few elementary first-aid items, and then settle back to relax and enjoy ourselves.

We are all familiar with the "bring well-filled basket" type of picnic. Even this requires that some one be responsible for drinks, tables if needed, or perhaps a campfire. Someone should take the lead in seeing that foods are placed on the table with desserts in one place, salads in another, sandwiches together and so on. We farm folk find a five-gallon cream can of cold water (with a tin cup tied to the handle) will keep the thirsty small fry content. Ice can be added if desired, and of course one can always serve lemonade as a super-special quencher. Isn't it wonderful to have sugar for these chilled drinks?

But suppose you wish a planned menu one which you prepare entirely yourself and invite your friends to share, or one that you make cooperative among a family, club, or church group? There are corn roasts, potato roasts, steak fries and the old standby weiner roast. Coney island barbecues are easy to serve and especially delicious. These foods will be the main course of the meal. With them serve pickles, relishes, a raw vegetable platter and fresh fruit or squares of cake, or cookies and a beverage. Remember, a variety of sauces or relishes, pickles—in short, plenty of "fixins" will give the meal that extra special something.

If you're driving some distance, or just out sight seeing, or one of a busy group that wants to get away for a little while, a cooperative, ready-prepared-at-home meal is grand. Once at the designated eating spot you quickly spread the cloth (new plastic covers are nice,) and put the food on the table. Presto! Come and get it!

As a suggested menu you might have ham and potato salad, sliced tomatoes and pepper rings, crusty buttered rolls, baked beans or cole slaw and iced watermelon and a beverage. Another menu might include fried chicken, rolls, potato chips, vegetable

salad or a vegetable platter, pickles, fresh fruit and beverage.

After a filling picnic meal the older folks may prefer to rest and visit, but you may be sure the younger crowd will welcome some games and outdoor sports. If swimming is to be on the schedule later in the day, some good lively games will aid the digestion of that big dinner before time for a swim.

If the group is a large one, divide the small tots into one group, youngsters in another, and teen-agers and young adults together. There should be a leader for each group and they should know beforehand so they can have games and stunts in mind.

COUPLE TAG: Couples link arms. A chaser and a runner wind in and out among the players. The runner can save himself from being caught by linking arms with another player, then that player's partner must leave immediately and become the runner. If the runner is tagged he becomes the chaser.

BEAN BAG BASEBALL: Mark a field off in nine squares, each one foot square. Top row is to be marked Ball, Second, Foul; second row, Strike, Home Run, Strike; bottom row, First, Out and Third. The batter stands on base ten feet away and tries to throw bean bag on square which will put him on base. Batter throws until he makes a "base" or an "out". Batter who makes a base stands beside base he secured. Runners advance as forced around by batters. Three outs will retire a side.

THROW THE CLUB (for youngsters): Lean a club against a wall. One player throws club. While "It" is replacing it, all players hide. "It" then hunts players. If he spies one he calls that person's name and then tries to beat him back to club. If "It" beats to club, hider is prisoner; if hider beats, he throws stick and hides again and if there are already prisoners he may free one. "It" must have all players prisoners at once.

WHAT TREE AM I? (Rest game for youngsters): Players take turns describing a tree, its leaves, flower, fruit, bark, etc. Others guess what tree it is. Small kiddies will like the old familiar, Drop the Handkerchief, Pom, Pom, Pull Away, Farmer in the Dell, and Tree Tag.

If the group is large enough, races for the different ages are always fun.

STUNTS: Brickbat race: Each player is given two bricks. Players must step on bricks, picking them up and putting them down without stepping on the ground. Set a reasonable distance to be run.

Discus throw: Contestants are given paper plates to see who can throw the greatest distance.

Look Pleasant Please!: Divide the crowd in groups of two, three, four, and perhaps one larger group. Ask each group to pose for a picture such as a Family Group, Wedding Day, Baby's First Picture, Grandpa and Little John, etc. If everyone enters into the fun of this it is really very amusing and something which a large mixed group enjoys.

Whatever you do, have F-U-N on your picnic!

See page nine for recipes.

GARDEN CONTEST

Make a sound, a pronoun, a blossom and you have a? Cauliflower.
A cooking utensil and eight letters? Potatoes.

A vehicle and a length of time? Cabbage.

To strike? Beet.

To change direction and to bite? Turnip.

An automobile and to spoil? Carrots.

To permit and a pronoun? Lettuce.

To raise water up and a kin? Pumpkin.

To mash? Squash.

A letter and to be comfortable? Peas.

To prepare cloth for weaving and a letter? Spinach?

To dispose of for money and a kind of a grain? Celery.

—Sent by Mrs. R. M.,
Minneapolis, Kansas.

CLOTHING CONTEST

What kind of clothing should the following wear if they wish to be properly dressed?

1. Artist? Canvas.
2. Gardener? Lawn.
3. Dairyman? Cheese Cloth.
4. Editor? Print.
5. Banker? Checks.
6. Hunter? Duck.
7. Scotchman? Plaid.
8. Prisoner? Stripes.
9. Government Official? Red Tape.
10. Architect? Blue Print.
11. Barber? Mohair.
12. Girl who loves money? Cashmere.
13. Girl whose eyesight is poor? Dimity.

14. Girl on vacation? Outing Flannel.
15. Woodchopper's wife? Corduroy.
16. Musical girl? Organdy.

—Sent by Mrs. R. M.,
Minneapolis, Kansas.

KITCHEN-KLATTER BOOST

"My son-in-law saw a copy of *Kitchen-Klatter* and we are very interested in seeing more of them. We hope you are still printing it and that you can add my name to your subscriber list. If the price has advanced, as others have, let me know that too."—Mrs. E. G. Anderson, Valparaiso, Indiana.

"I take the *Kitchen-Klatter* Magazine, and oh, what a fight and scramble when it arrives. I have two children, nine and twelve years of age, and they like the pictures and riddles. Of course I am always anxious for every page as it has so much in it. It is indeed worth the \$1.00."—Mrs. R. J. Stevens, Hastings, Iowa.

"By a mistake, the mail carrier left a copy of the *Kitchen-Klatter* Magazine in my mailbox. I have sent the copy on after glancing through it. I am enclosing a one-dollar bill for a yearly subscription."—Mrs. Frank Fisher, Jr., Stanwood, Iowa.